THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 23.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 92.

Simplex, et arti prænitens facilis color
Laboriosæ.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IT is observable in our ancient ballads, that the 'fair ladies,' whom they commemorate, are depicted in as vivid tints, and with as much luxury of description, as was consistent with the sententious phraseology peculiar to the times. They were written in ages when the romantic spirit of chivalry had almost metamorphosed the sex into divinities, when the adventurous knight, or baron bold, deemed the toils of the field, and the perils of impending death more than amply remunerated, if she, whom he selected, and habitually invoked as his tutelary angel, looked with a smile of approbation on his labours, or encompassed his brow with a garland of victory. The 'crisped lock' that shone 'like threads of gold,' the sparkling eye that beamed with the lustre of 'orient pearl,' the breath that respired the fragrance of Asphodel, and the arm that outvied the lily, are scattered in generous profusion. With almost all nations the rose appears to have been a favourite standard of comparison: the intertexture of the rose and lily in the cheek, a thought eminently delicate and significative, is celebrated by most of our legendary writers, and before them, by some of the most distinguished of the Roman poets. It is said of fair Rosamond, that

The blood within her chrystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

And of another,

Upon whose lively cheek,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lily seem to strive
For equal change of hue.

Virgil gives to his beauty the same embellishment,

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Albâ rosâ:

So roses mixt with lilies in their bed,
Blend their rich hues.

Tibullus compliments his Delia on the same attraction:

Et color in niveo corpore purpureus,
Ut cum contexunt amaranthis alba puellæ
Lilia, et autumno candida mala rubent.
Lib. 3. Eleg. 4.

and Catullus's Lesbia charms with a similar glow:

Ore floridulo nitens
Alba Parthenice velut
Luteumve papaver. CARM. LXI.

William Thomson, the *English* poet, has selected this hue for his imaginary beauty, in his masterly 'Hymn to May,'

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays;
And lilies, dipt in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel face.

Logan, a Scotch poet of merit, introduces the heroine of a ballad, intitled 'Edward and Emily,' in a manner particularly poetical and interesting:

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling to the soul.

The graces, that, for nature fair,
Present us mimic art;
The false refinements, that refine
Away the human heart.

She knew not;....in the simple robe
Of innocence and ease;
Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd
Without the thought to please.

In forming the portraiture of 'Eltruda,' Miss Williams has evinced uncommon skill by the amenity of her colouring, and the superior melody of her numbers.

In his Eltruda's gentle breast
His griefs he could repose;
With each endearing virtue bless'd,
She soften'd all his woes.

'Twas easy in her look to trace
An emblem of her mind;
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle charm combin'd;

Soft as the dews of morn arise,
And on the pale flower gleam,
So soft, so sweet, her melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower
Smiles in the desert vale,
And blooms, its balmy sweets to pour
Upon the flying gale;

So liv'd in solitude unseen
This lovely, peerless maid;
So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,
And blossom'd in the shade.

Genius languishing in inactive seclusion, or beauty flourishing in obscurity, assimilated to the flower that blows unseen, and pours its sweets on the passing gale, is one of the most exquisite comparisons to be found in the whole range of literature. Gray has pursued and illustrated this image in his Elegy on a Churchyard, so as to render it the most prominent of the felicities both of sentiment and of diction, which mark that first of elegies. Although Miss Williams cannot claim the palm of originality, she is scarcely inferior to any poet in the happy evolution of the idea, and the suavity of her verse. Ossian, whose allusions and similitudes are so luxuriantly drawn from almost every object, either tender or sublime, of uncultivated nature, has not permitted this to escape his research. 'Why did I not pass away in secret,' exclaims a character in Fingal, 'like the flower of the rock that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast.' Thomson also dwells on the same subject, in his beautiful episode of Lavinia.

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of incircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia, &c.

Eltruda's employments are finely designed to impart a more powerful attraction to the character we have just transcribed, and are embellished with imagery highly appropriate and picturesque.

Oft o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead,
She wander'd far away,
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
With sadness oft was wrung;
For the bruis'd insect, as it fell,
The soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waste,
A sigh would heave her breast,
The while her gentle hand replac'd
The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bower,
And haste, with tender care,
To nurse some pale declining flow'r,
Some op'ning blossom rear.

And oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the lonely cot,
Where the poor widow pours her sighs,
And wails her hapless lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees
Her lisping infants clasp;
Their meek imploring look she sees,
She feels their tender grasp.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell!
They mark the bursting sigh....
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails,
To soothe the mourner's bursting heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the gust of joy rise there,
The tears of rapture flow.

These and similar colours have been generally chosen by the great masters in descriptive poetry, for the delineation of warm sensibility and artless innocence. Such pictures, when appositely introduced, when heightened by the enthusiasm of kindred feeling, and clothed in those 'witcheries of expression,' which the above stanzas must be allowed to possess, irresistibly elicit the sympathy of the reader, and secure the triumph of the poet. Tibullus, unrivalled among the Romans in excellence of this kind, gives to his *happy rustic* an exercise of humanity ascribed to Eltruda, that of returning the stray lamb to the fold....

Non agnamve sinu pigeat fœtum capellæ
Desertum obitâ matre referre domum.

The tear flowing even for the bruised insect, a sigh drawn for the dismemberment of the linnet's nest, the bosom that pants with anguish at the widow's distress, and the orphan's cry, are images particularly grateful, because we conceive them to be the progeny of emotions most congenial to the female character.

Lacrymæ que decoræ
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Qualities that exalt the dignity of manhood, the vehemence of martial ardour, a spirit of undaunted resolution, or hardy enterprise, lose their grace, and cease to ennoble when they warm the other sex. They are virtues by their nature masculine, and as incongruous for the female mind as the herculean form, the athletic powers, and muscular arm of the gladiator, for the female person. The prevalence of any hateful passion, in the breast of a woman, of inordinate ambition, of revenge, or of avarice, seems to involve peculiar atrocity. Boadicea, animating her troops to combat, or obtesting heaven and earth for the justice of her cause, may perhaps compel us to admire, but can never excite commisseration. Phædra, raging with jealousy and despair, or Horatia, imprecating curses on her country, are scenes from which we turn with increased horror and disgust. The querimonious accents of a softer sorrow, a despondency that melts away in tears and sighs, not the impetuosity of frantic rage, nor the convulsions of mad despair, supply the poet with the most efficient means of reaching the heart. We shall adduce an illustration of these remarks, in the 'fair maniac' of Penrose's 'Flights of Fancy,' odes, which, for grandeur of sentiment, boldness of metaphor, and brilliancy of colouring, deserve to be classed with the sublimest effusions of Gray or Collins.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast, no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires,
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears the poor distracted fair.
Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things;
She starts....she flies....who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?

[*To be Continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was covered with little scraps of paper.

What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Bristol, to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance. When, alas! all the intelligence he could procure, was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

The poems produced by Chatterton, at different times, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. were purchased from Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, and published by Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq. the learned editor of Chaucer, in an octavo volume, 1777, with 'a preface, introduction, and glossary,' Mr. Tyrwhit added to the edition, 1778, an 'Appendix, containing some observations upon the language of the poems, tending to prove, that they were written, not by any ancient author, but entirely by Chatterton.' A very splendid edition was published in 4to. 1782, by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, with 'a preliminary dissertation and commentary,' tending to prove that the poems were really written by Rowley and others, in the fifteenth century. His Miscellanies, in prose and verse, collected from the Magazines, &c. with a sketch for Beckford's statue, a specimen of his abilities in the arts of drawing and design, were published in octavo, 1778, with a preface, signed J. B. dated Bristol, June 20; and this publication was followed by a 'Supplement to the Miscellanies of Chatterton,' 8vo. 1786. Besides these, there are many unpublished poems in the hands of his friends, and seventeen historical prose compositions and drawings, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His poems, reprinted from Tyrwhitt's edition, 1777, the Miscellanies, 1778 and 1786, Croft's Love and Madness, 1780, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The celebrated 'Archæological Epistle to Dr. Milles,' 4to. 1782, supposed to be written by Mason; a beautiful 'Monody to the memory of Chatterton,' written by Mrs. Cowley; a 'Sonnet to Expression,' from the polished and pathetic pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams; an irregular 'Ode,' from 'Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades,' 8vo. 1782;....are inserted in this edition, with the double view of adorning the collection, and of gratifying the reader.

His character, compounded of good qualities and defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His person, like his genius, was premature: he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing. When he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. He had an uncommon ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that 'man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be achieved by diligence and abstinence.' If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, 'all boy as he was,' says Mr. Croft, 'he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them.' 'He had read,' he himself tells us, 'more than Magliabechi, though he spoke no tongue but his own.' He probably might have acquired some knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and French languages; but it cannot be supposed to have been very extensive.

When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time, is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind, displayed in the different essays which he produced in the periodical publications. His lively and vigourous imagination contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprise, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might in a great measure depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said 'he had sprung a mine,' and produced the *Sprytes*, a poem, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles which he had so unfortunately imbibed. But he is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculative opinions. The preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, and the criminal excesses of the passions, were the pride of genius, the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. To the regularity of his conduct, during his residence at Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. After his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmsley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged in the house of a relation.

The list of his virtues appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spirituous liquors. He lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed. But the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every fortunate project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them: while in London, he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known himself to be in want: and indeed the unremitting attention, kindness, and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of persons in more fortunate circumstances. It can never be sufficiently lamented that this amiable principle was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost.

He had a number of friends; and, notwithstanding his disposition to satire, is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits, while he resided in Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit, and fluency, must have admirably accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which, perhaps, should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual

excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others. There is reason, however, to believe that the inequality of his spirits affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour, or more. Mr. Walmsley's nephew (Chatterton's bedfellow during the last six weeks he lodged there) told Mr. Croft, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him; that, to his knowledge, he never slept while they lay together; that he never came came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) awaked, and got up at the same time, about five or six; and that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper, not so big as six-pences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.

He had one ruling passion which governed his whole conduct, and that was his desire of literary fame; this passion intruded itself on every occasion, and absorbed his whole attention. Whether he would have continued to improve, or the contrary, must have depended, in some measure, on the circumstances of his future life. Had he fallen into profligate habits and connections, he would probably have lost a great part of his ardour for study, and his maturer age would only have diminished the admiration, which the efforts of his childhood have so justly excited.

As a poet, his genius will be most completely estimated by his writings. His imagination was more fertile than correct; and he seems to have erred, rather through haste and negligence than through any deficiency of taste. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing. He knew that original genius consists in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in searching after thoughts and ideas, which never had occurred before. He possessed the strongest marks of a vigorous imagination, and a sound judgment in forming great, consistent, and ingenious plots, and in making choice of the most interesting subjects. His genius, like Dryden's, was UNIVERSAL. It will be difficult to say, whether he excelled most in the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, or the satirical. Whatever subject is treated by him, is marked with the hand of a master, with the enthusiasm of the poet, and the judgment of the critic.

His poems abound with luxuriant description, vivid imagery, and striking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language, a happy adaptation of words is still apparent, and a style both energetic and expressive. They are equally conspicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verse; and some passages are inferior, in none of the essentials of poetry, to the most finished productions in our language.

It must not, however, be dissembled, that some part of the charm of his compositions may probably result from the Gothic sublimity of the style. We gaze with wonder on an ancient fabric; and, when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of the language, to which we are unaccustomed, is frequently accepted as a substitute. Even Shakspeare and Milton have derived advantages from the antique structure of some of their most admired passages. The facility of composition is also greatly increased, where full latitude is permitted in the use of an obsolete dialect, since an author is indulged in the occasional use of both the old and the modern phraseology; and if the one does not supply him with the word for which he has immediate occasion, the other, in all probability, will not disappoint him. Thus, in the Songe to Ælla, the poet had in one line written,

Beesprengedd all the *mees* with gore.

In a subsequent stanza he writes,

Orr seest the hatchedd stede
Ypraucing oer the *mead*.

Mees being the ancient word, and *mead* the modern English one, he thought himself at liberty to write modern English whenever rhyme required him to do so. The use of the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y*, as *ypraucing*, for *prauncing*, enables him to write a smooth line in any given number of syllables. The imagery and metaphors, in this style of poetry, are frequently very common-place, and it is possible to labour through several stanzas, without finding any striking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the subject alone. Many defects of style, and many passages of rant and bombast, are concealed or excused by the appearance of antiquity.

The piece of most conspicuous merit among the compositions of Chatterton, is 'Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude;' which is a most complete and well written tragedy, upon the model of Mason's Elfrida and Caractacus. The plot is both interesting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in some places tedious. The character of Clemonde reminds us of Glenalvon in Douglas, but it is better drawn. His soliloquy is beautiful and characteristic. The first chorus, or *Mynstrelles Songe*, is a perfect pastoral. It contains a complete plot or fable, and abounds in poetical and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery. Thomson's Masque of Alfred probably suggested the idea of a Danish march. For converting *Hubba* into *Hurra*, he might have his reasons. The *raven standard* of the Danes, to which he alludes, is poetically described by Thomson.

The imperfect tragedy of Goddwyn, as well as Ælla, is indebted to the Grecian school, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effusions of a young mind, warm from studying Elfrida and Caractacus. The beauties of poetry are scattered through them with no sparing hand. The first *ode* or *chorus*, in Goddwyn, rivals, if not exceeds any thing of that kind we have in Mason, or even Gray or Collins. In the animated portrait of Freedom, and the group of her attendants, Affright, Power, War, Envy, &c. both Sackville and Spenser must yield the palm of allegoric poetry.

When Freedome, dreste in blodde-steyned veste,
To every knyghte her warre songe sunge;
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were sprede;
A gorie anlase bye her hunge,
She daunced onne the heathe,
She heard the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, his harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onflemed the shriekinge voice of woe,
And sadnesse in the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flize along the feelde, &c.

The 'First part of the Battle of Hastings,' which he confessed *he had written himself*, when he was taken by surprise, though at other times he preserved a degree of consistence in his falsehood, contains an unvaried recital of wounds and deaths, with little to interest curiosity, or engage the tender passions, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the disgusting subject. In the Second Part, with the same faults, there is more of poetical description, more of nature, more of character. The imagery is more animated; the incidents more varied. The character of Tancarville is well drawn; and the spirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakspeare. The whole episode of Girtha is well conducted; and the altercation between him and his brother Harold is interesting. The following description of morning is exquisitely beautiful, and the versification musical and pleasing. The eighth line is a striking imitation of a line of Milton's, 'Scatters the rear of darkness thin.'

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dew-drops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fierie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes;
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge his jerne gledes,
And *scatters nyghtes remaynes* from oute the skies;
He sawe the armies make for bloodie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome raye.

The description of Salisbury Plain is picturesque and animated. In that part of it which relates to the worship of the ancient Brutons, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to substitude *vyctimes* for *vyctualle*, an ingenious, but perhaps unnecessary emendation. The stanza of Prior was his model for versification, in this poem, as well as the Tournament, &c. The origin and use of Stonehenge, he might find in modern works. Though he could have no access to Malmesbury, and other Latin chroniclers, he might take many particulars from Hollinshed, who has translated them. The names of the Norman warriors he might find in Fuller's 'Church History.' He had but few Saxon names to which he might refer; of the Normans, he had a list of eight hundred. He borrowed his Homeric images from the versions of Chapman and Pope, in the latter of which he found these allusions dressed out in all the splendid ornaments of the eighteenth century. The prolix circumstantial comparison, which did not exist in the fifteenth century, but was imported into our poetry by Spenser, affords a proof, excluding all imposition, that the *Battle of Hastings* is the forgery of Chatterton.

The interlude of the Tournament has some beautiful and nervous lines; particularly the description of *Battayle* and *Pleasure*, in the *chorus of Minstrelles*, that opens with—'When Battayle, mesthynge,' &c. Compare this with Collins's Ode to Mercy, and the marks of imitation will be sufficiently evident.

The 'Bristowe Tragedy, or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,' has little but its pathetic simplicity to reoommend it. It has nothing ingenious in the plot, or striking in the execution. It is, however, clear and intelligible, and ranks with the best imitations of the ancient tragic ballad.

The Eclogues are not inferior to the best compositions of that kind, either ancient or modern. The *first* pastoral bears a remote resemblance to the first eclogue of Virgil, and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the state of England during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The thoughts and images are all truly pastoral; and it is impossible to read it without experiencing those lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inspire. The *second* pastoral is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holy Land. It is supposed to be sung by a young shepherd, whose father is absent in the Holy War; and the burden is happily imagined:

Sprytes of the blest, and every seyncte ydedde,
Pour out your pleasaunce on my fadre's hedde.

Before he has concluded his song, he is cheered

by the sight of the vessel, in which his father returns victorious. The *third* pastoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality. It is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The last of these pastorals, called Elinoure and Juga, is one of the finest pathetic tales in our language. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral. The beautiful stanza beginning,

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne.

seems to be an imitation of a stanza in Gray's Elegy.

The Songe to Ælla is an admirable specimen of his abilities in lyric composition. The following stanza is eminently beautiful—

O thou, where'er (thie bones att reste)
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whether uponne the bloud embrewed pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst from farre
The dysmal crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountain made of corse of sleyne,

Those who can suppose that this stanza was written in the fifteenth century, must be very little acquainted with the style and manner of our poetry in that period. Only, change the orthography, and it is perfectly modern.

O thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood embrued plain,
Or where thou kenn'st from far
The dismal cry of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corpse of slain.

The original manuscript is written in long lines, like a prose composition, as was usual three hundred years ago, when parchment was scarce; but it was surely less difficult to write it on parchment, in 'lines not kept distinct in the manner of prose,' than to be the author of it.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

[Continued.]

While we were at this place, my guide looked carefully about to see if he could discover a Chamois for me, but without success. The constant chase given these animals by the mountaineers, has rendered them so timid, that it is rare for a person, not a hunter, to get a sight of one. He entertained me by the account of the manner in which they are hunted, and related some curious facts respecting their sagacity, their agility, and their despair when closely pursued; whenever there is a herd feeding together, one of the number is placed upon some commanding rock as a centinel, who gives notice by a faint cry of the approach of an enemy, and then sets off with great speed for the most inaccessible craggs, whither even daring man dares not venture to follow. Yet it is astonishing what bold attempts a hunter will make when warm in the pursuit; no danger appears to affright him; no precipices make him giddy; and he often finds himself, after he has killed his game, in situations from which he knows not how to descend when his ardour has abated, and to which his unreflecting eagerness alone could have carried him. No life can be more dangerous than that of a Chamois hunter; he is exposed to every peril of the mountains; thick fogs, which cause him to lose his way, and wander for days in deserts and wilds, without food; avalanches, storms, and gusts of wind, which sweep him down, before he has time to screen himself from their attack; his foot slipping as he jumps from ledge to ledge; and, last of all, the desperate leaps made by the animal, when pressed close by the hunter, and who blocks up the only passage by which it can escape; and I am informed it is not uncommon for a chamois, thus situated, to spring at his enemy, and, by the violence of the shock, overturn him down the steep. Paccard pointed to a rock, opposite, where, in the heat of the chase, he had been unfortunate enough to make a false step, and fell headlong down to a snow-covered rock. He also shewed me, where my guide, with some others who went in search of him, discovered his body, partly covered by an avalanche that fell after him. These are the perils to which the hunter is exposed, and yet they are so attached to their mode of life, that nothing can deter them from following it.

M. De Saussure mentions a young man with whom he had spoke on the subject, and whom he endeavoured to dissuade from so dangerous a pursuit; his reply was, 'my grandfather died in the chase; my father perished also; and I have no doubt but I shall finish my career on the summit of some mountain in pursuit of the Chamois; yet, notwithstanding all this, I am so fond of it, that were you to offer to make me independent, on the condition of relinquishing it, I would reject your proposal.' This young hunter soon after met with the fate he expected, by his foot slipping in a desperate leap he made from one rock to another, while in pursuit of his game.

The Bouquetin, an animal not unlike the Chamois, was once hunted in the Alps, but the chase has so reduced their numbers, that they are rarely found, except about the summit of the St. Gothard, and other high mountains. I saw the skin of one stuffed at Chamouny, as well as that of a Chamois. Bears, which were formerly much hunted, are now rarely to be met with; and wolves are so little known in this valley, that a goat or two are only lost when they brouze too high up the mountain, and approach their lurking places in the forest.

But, to return to my journey. I soon after arrived at a hut called Blair's cabbin, on the top of the Montanvert, after an ascent of about three hours. This hut is of loose stones, and was built by an English traveller of the name of Blair, for the temporary accommodation of those who passed days in these high regions.

But how shall I find words to express to you the grandeur, the sublimity of the objects which all at once burst upon my sight! How paint to you nature in her most awful, most majestical dress! Except the roar of the subterraneous waters, or the thundering of the glaciers in their progressive motion, a profound silence reigned around me. I felt myself alone in the world. Except my guide, no living creature could be seen in the space of leagues. All was desolation, horror, and sublimity; and a man would be almost tempted to lay himself down and exclaim, 'this is the end of all things.'

Beneath me, and stretching out in length for more than two leagues, and in breadth half a one, lay the Mer de Glace, (or sea of ice) a sight absolutely *unique*. This immense expanse of ice and snow, rent into ten thousand gaping chasms, whose depths reflected the most beautiful azure, was shut in nearly all round by the highest mountains of the Alps. Before me rose the majestic *needle of the Dru*, without exception the finest point of rock in the world; the regular pyramid of its form, its abrupt point, and jagged sides, all which give it the appearance of a rich Gothic steeple, render it, in my eyes, a finer object than even the fine one of the cathedral at Strasburg.

The Aiguilles (or needles, so called from their rising abruptly and sharply to a great height) of Blaitiere, those of Charmos, the grand Jorasse, and the Giant, formed a part of the surrounding mountains. M. De Saussure ascended the last, after a painful and perilous journey of two days, and remained sixteen days on the top, to make experiments on the atmosphere at such an elevation.

That I might have a better and nearer view of Mer de Glace, I descended with Paccard to the *moraine*, or pile of stones and sand, brought down by this icy sea, and deposited along its shore. It is a confused heap of rubbish of great height, in which are innumerable blocks of granite, that no power but that of nature could have removed from their original place. And here I was much surprised to find that the sea of ice, which appeared nearly smooth from the Montanvert, was of a most unequal surface, and composed of peaks and *waves* of ice, from twenty to fifty feet in height. It has exactly the resemblance of a very troubled sea, which, when its waves ran mountains high, was in an instant caught and congealed by a powerful frost. Between these ridges the ice is cleft in different directions, presenting chasms of various widths, some of these are several hundred feet deep, into one of which I threw stones, and it was a long while before I heard them fall in the water, which is constantly produced by the melting of the mass below. I had the curiosity to hazard a little excursion on this singular sea, but my feet were first armed with a pair of *crampons*, or iron bars, with four sharp prongs, to prevent me from slipping into the gulfs that yawned around me, and I supported myself with a long stick that had a spike at one end. Thus prepared, I entered on the ice, and crossed waves down whose sloping sides I should have slipt (without my crampons and stick) into the clefts I mentioned. As there had fallen some snow a few days before, which had even impeded a little my ascent of Montanvert, I was obliged to move with caution, and sound before me with my stick, lest I should unwarily fall into a concealed chasm. It is not uncommon to meet with such hidden dangers, and it requires some circumspection to avoid them.

M. De Saussure, who was the first person that ever traversed the Mer de Glace, relates an adventure, in which he had very nearly lost his life. There had fallen a great deal of snow a few days before, which was succeeded by a severe frost: at that time he ventured upon this sea of ice, with an intention of crossing it. All at once he felt one of his feet sink into the snow, and then the other, so that he found himself seated as it were upon the surface. At the same instant his guide, who preceded him, and who was one of the most experienced of Chamouni, sunk in the same manner, but so that he could see, thro' an opening, made by one of his feet, the blue gulf below, and perceived all the danger of his situation, being suspended over a chasm of uncertain dimensions, which rendered an attempt to extricate himself highly perilous. The moment he could recollect himself he called out to M. De Saussure 'for God's sake don't move;' and repeated these words every minute, notwithstanding M. De Saussure's assurances that he would remain quiet, and that he was perfectly cool and collected. He found it necessary at least to appear so, lest his guide should lose his senses in the desperate circumstances they were in. After reconnoitering their position to discover

the course of the cleft, they crossed their long pikes before them, and threw themselves flat upon this support, which, extending in several directions, bore their weight, and enabled them to extricate themselves from this horrid situation.

[*To be Continued.*]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Huddart, Esq. v. *Grimshaw, and Others.*

This long and important cause was conducted by Mr. Erskine, Mr. Plumer, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Adam, Mr. Gazely, and Mr. Pell, for the Plaintiff; and Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Parke Mr. Serjeant Best, Mr. Holroyd, and Mr. Jarvis, for the Defendants.

Mr. Erskine, in a very eloquent and philosophical speech, observed, that this was a cause that would require a good deal of attention. It was important, as it related to the public: it was most important as it respected the most ingenious individual, who was the plaintiff in this case. Captain Huddart had been for many years in the East India Company's service, as a captain of one of their ships, and acquainted, of course, with that distant and perilous navigation, and with what related to the safety of shipping, and having besides, one of the most ingenious and philosophical minds that belonged to any person on this subject. And this was not a rude untutored philosophy: it was not that ingenuity which you sometimes found among men, without knowing the sources or causes from which it was derived. But his ingenuity was the effect of science and of long experience. He was a member of the Royal Society, and had devoted the whole of his life to mechanical and nautical pursuits.—This action was brought for the infringement of a patent for one of the most important discoveries, and for one of the most important improvements in the arts. An improvement in the security of navigation, to a maritime country, was, at all times, most important; and he thought there never was a moment at which the importance of such a discovery must strike the minds of Englishmen more than at the time he was addressing them: when the safety of this country did not alone depend on the bravery of its inhabitants, and on the skill, discipline, and heroism of the naval part of the community, but on the superior security, and superior art, by which we were able to blockade the audacious flotillas and fleets of the enemy on their own shores. Without that, what could the bravery of admiral Cornwallis, and the intrepidity of the sailors have done, who, by an unexampled patience during the storms, had kept the enemy within their own ports? though, even without their great and glorious exertions, we were safe from the strength and courage of the inhabitants on land. The learned counsel said, the thing which his client claimed to be the inventor of was this: "A new mode or art of making great cables and other cordage, so as to attain a greater degree of strength therein, by a more equal distribution of the strain on the yarns." Mr. Erskine explained, with the greatest clearness and perspicuity, the defects in the common mode of making ropes and cables; and pointed out the vast superiority of the cables made on captain Huddart's principle. By the common mode of making cables, there was an unequal degree of tension in the yarns, of which the strands were composed; that the greatest strain was on the yarns on the superfices; that the yarns next these had a less tension; and so it continually diminished, till you came to the centre of the strand, which had no tension at all, and which was pucked up. The consequence was, when a number of these strands were so put together, of yarns of an equal length, which composed a cable, and when a weight was applied to it, the yarns on the outside at the circumference which had the greatest tension first gave way, then the second, then the third, &c. till you came to the centre. The great excellence of captain Huddart's invention was, that by means of a plate made of metal full of holes, forming concentric circles and a cylindrical tube, all the various yarns were so arranged and so placed before they came to be twisted into rope, that each individual yarn composing the cable had precisely the same degree of tension, and the effect was, that a cable made on this new principle never broke, till it broke all at once with a loud explosion. This new invention, as well as the common mode of making ropes, and its defects, were admirably well explained by Mr. Rennie, the engineer. From some experiments which he had very lately made, in order to ascertain the superiority of this new invention over the common mode, this appeared. He said he took two equal quantities of yarns made of the same hemp, and one of these quantities of yarns was made into cable, on captain Huddart's principle, and the other quantity in the common way. The first sustained a weight of seventeen tons, five cwt. and one one qr. when the cable made in the old way, was broken by a weight of eight tons, thirteen cwt. one qr. four lbs. A piece of cable that was proved to have been purchased of the defendants, was shewn to Mr. Rennie, and on examination, he was clearly satisfied that it had been manufactured by using the apparatus of the plaintiff. The witness said, he did not know how it could be manufactured in the way in which it appeared, in any other way than by following the new mode invented by captain Huddart, which, in his judgment, furnished a perfect remedy to all the defects in the old method, by giving to every yarn composing the cable, an equal degree of tension. The plaintiff's patent was obtained in 1735; and the defendants' counsel endeavoured, in cross examination, to shew that Mr. Balfour's patent, which was obtained previous to that period, was on the same principle with captain Huddart's; but Mr. Rennie said, according to the experiments he had made on Mr. Balfour's method, it was inferior to the common way of making cables.

Captain Bond was next examined; and as far as he went, confirmed what had been before stated.

Several letters that had passed between the plaintiff and defendants were read, and great stress was laid upon one, which was written in 1799, by the defendants to captain Huddart, requesting him to permit them to adopt his method of making cables He good naturedly told them, if those gentlemen with whom he was connected would consent, he had no objections to it. However this consent was not given. Some time after that the defendants, who are rope makers in Sunderland, carried on their business in a concealed way. They would not permit the plaintiff to look at the manner in which they carried on their business; and from the cordage they produced, he strongly suspected they had invaded his patent by following his method. He afterwards desired Mr. Rennie, the engineer, to call upon them for the same purpose, in order to ascertain how they manufactured their cables. He met with the same reception. They would not permit him to see how they carried on their business.

A great deal of confirmatory evidence was given on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Gibbs, in a most able speech for the defendants, among other things, contended that the defendants' patent could not stand for a moment, since it was on the same principles with that of Mr. Balfour's, which was previous to it in point of date. By supposing this method of making cables, that was used by captain Huddart to be a new invention, he submitted they had not proved any invasion of it.

After a very eloquent reply from Mr. Erskine,

Lord Ellenborough, in an excellent address to the jury, summed up the whole of the case with great accuracy and precision; after which the gentlemen of the Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff, for One Shilling.

OBITUARY.

Among the many losses, which the literary world has recently sustained, we regret to mention that of Doctor PRICE, a clergyman who was in many respects an honour to his profession. He had enjoyed the very high esteem of one of the most distinguished characters of the last century, bishop Warburton, whose extraordinary talents, profound erudition, and penetrating sagacity, dignified every one whom, he honoured with his regard. With respect to the doctor's jacobinical and dissenting principles, we hate them with a most cordial hatred; and we as cordially lament that his learning had not been applied to better purposes than the overthrow of the church and state under which he enjoyed more real "Civil Liberty," than can be derived from the visionary theories of discontented jacobins.

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R. Jephson, Esq. celebrated for his convivial powers, and his felicity in ludicrous composition. He is the author of many dramatic pieces, which have been well received.

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Mr. WILLIAM WOODFALL, the Editor of "The Publick Advertiser."

—

JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D. the celebrated professor of moral philosophy and logic in the Marischal college, or university of New Aberdeen, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

There are certain principles on which modern philosophers lay great stress, and which they consider as exclusively necessary for forming the character of a good *citizen*; such as the love of liberty and equality, zeal for the rights of man, *patriotism*, *interest*, and especially the gratification of the selfish and animal passions. A conduct, directed by these principles, forms the character of a republican philosopher, and a *regenerated* man!

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The notion that a righteous nation is happy under the dominion of Divine Providence, will be rejected by our republican philosophers, for two reasons: first, because it implies the belief of a Providence, whereas true republicans acknowledge no power superior to the sovereign people; and secondly, because righteousness, which implies restraint, is totally incompatible with liberty, the birth right of a republican.

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Some good men, and accurate remarkers, deplore the ignorance, undutifulness, forwardness, and impudence of most of the American children and youth. But a good republican will congratulate the country, and the age, on the increase and vigor of the spirit of liberty, which disdains all subordination. With regard to the decay of the Social Affections, though some may consider it as a vice, yet our republicans glory in it, as

arising from the spirit of patriotism, which teaches every citizen to postpone all private affections for the sake af the public.

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The virtue of obedience is a very strange sound to our citizens, who believe that they were *born to govern!* The only obedience that they admit of is the *obedience of officers of government to the sovereign people.*

—

A late author of *rank, talents, and virtue*, speaks somewhere of higher and lower classes; of the *better sort*, and *the poorer sort*, &c. Hence, it is evident he is an enemy to equality. Moreover, he censures dissolute and profligate manners: therefore it is no less evident, that he is an enemy to liberty and republicanism. For, as agreeably to republican principles, every free citizen, or negro, has a right to think, speak, write, and act as he pleases, and owns no authority, except that of the sovereign People he must reckon it impertinent, to establish moral distinctions, which are inconsistent with equality, or moral rules, which tend to restrain his freedom.

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If government be thought an evil, it can only apply to monarchial and aristocratical governments; for no republican will ever believe that the sovereignty of the people is an evil, though he may often think it meritorious to oppose even a republican government, if he holds no lucrative office under it; but, in this case, he must consider it as an oppressive aristocracy, and oppose it as such.

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It has been said that government itself, or government in the abstract, is too often confounded with the ministers of government. But true republicans are not guilty of confounding these, as they distinguish the ministers of government as their servants, who are bound to obey their orders in all cases whatsoever. When they do not, it is easy to raise a cry of maladministration, corruption, and tyranny against them, till they are driven from their offices, and others elected, who will will pay more respect to the mandates and opinions of the people.

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True republicans sometimes reckon oppugnation and systematic opposition, as a crime equal to *high treason*, if not high treason itself. But this is only when public opinion, including the influence of the negroes, has burst open the doors of honour and preferment to the friends of the people. It is true, that when the government is in the hands of aristocrats, though it is surprising that this should happen in a country where all are federalists and all republicans, then the duty of true democrats is quite the reverse, and opposition to government, nay, insurrection itself, becomes a *sacred* duty.

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It is the habit of a few in this country, to deride the flimsy orations and dashing speeches of the republican Ciceros. But this is nothing but envy at the success of the democratic declaimers, and their influence with the people. It should be known that our orators are capable of distinguishing themselves by their silence, as well as by their speaking.

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An author, who published his book in the year 1774, has compared the strife among the herdmen of Abram and Lot about *water*, with the famous dispute between Great-Britain and her colonies about *tea*. But this only affords a strong presumption, that the aforesaid author knew not the value of *liberty*, as it was for that, and not merely for tea that our patriots contended. But what ought to incline us to censure this author with moderation, is the great advantage we have over him. *He* viewed the strife in the beginning, while the issue of it was doubtful, and the people divided: whereas, *we* know the issue, and the great benefits, that have been derived by us from its success. We can only accuse him of having been mistaken in his conjectures. He augured nothing from our independence, except misery, division, anarchy, and conquest by a foreign power. We know that by it, we have acquired liberty, the sovereignty of the people, and the friendship and protection of the *great nation*, in reliance on which, we find that we can exist as a nation, without an army, or navy. France can defend our trade against *the piratical powers of Barbary*, and give us perfect security on every side, so that we have nothing to do, but to improve our republican institutions, to cultivate our country, and to trade to all those ports from which the power of France has excluded the English. The acquisition of so many, and so great advantages, demands some return of gratitude on our part, by subjecting us to a moderate tribute, or requisition, when the exigencies of the great nation may render it necessary; and no true republican will grudge to pay for the defence of his country, in the same proportion as his *friends* and *allies*, the *free citizens* of France.

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That wild freedom, which greedy revolutionists are at all times so eager to possess, is a sort of forbidden fruit. In the day we eat thereof, we surely die, instead of being as Gods, as our political tempters would persuade us.

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Some of the *ancient* moralists have endeavoured to establish some connexion between principle and practice; but this is extremely unpalatable to the enlightened republicans of the age, who are constantly prating of the indifference and equality of all opinions. Abbe Raynal considers this as a doctrine which, has been *fully demonstrated.*

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The doctrine of obedience, for conscience sake, which has been assumed as the firm basis and corner stone of all good government, can only be relished by those, who believe that government is the ordinance of God; but it cannot apply to republican government, which is only the ordinance of the people, and in which liberty of conscience, or, to express it more properly, liberty *from* conscience, is considered as the most valuable of the Rights of Man.

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If a man should complain of the decay of the principles of obedience among republican children, and the envy of the poor towards the rich, it would only be a proof of his ignorance of the principles of liberty, and the rights of man, which are so clearly understood among us, that it would be superfluous to endeavour to demonstrate them.

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Some audacious politicians stigmatise revolutionary principles, as inimical to the happiness of society, but those who are enlightened by modern philosophy are convinced that every government ought to be revolutionary, which they express by its containing within itself a principle of reformation.

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He who considers government as the ordinance of God, naturally enough infers, that it ought to be conducted according to the laws of God, which should be considered as first principles, that ought not to be called in question. On the other hand, those who hold that government is merely the ordinance of the people, admit of no first principles, except liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people, who can, at any time, alter or abolish what they have set up! With regard to God, as true republicans hold the indifference and equality of all opinions, they have no occasion for a God in their system, and can even swear without him: though, to do them justice, they allow those who please, to believe the existence of *one* God, *no* God, or a plurality of Gods, *even to the number of twenty*: and this belief may be altered as often as any *citizen* thinks proper.

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The encomiums, which Sir William Jones, and many other profound and elegant scholars, have pronounced on the sacred scriptures, as containing many specimens of fine writing, will not be relished by the admirers of the Age of Reason, though they have great weight with the disciples of the old school, who firmly believe the Bible to be a Divine revelation; but, as the Mock Doctor says in Moliere, *nous avon's change tout cela.* Philosophy, which has produced such vast benefits in France, as to render it worthy of being governed by Bonaparte, has now so far enlightened this country, that Bible examples and Bible maxims have very little weight with an American citizen.

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The attempts of republicans and revolutionists, encourage a novel experiment, by which it is proposed to build up a constitution, without any foundations. But it should be remembered, that while *the people* remain, they can give it *one foundation after another*, as has been happily done in France, where liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the multitude are now fully established, under the protection of a first consul, at the head of a numerous army.

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Mr. William Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, died some years since, and bequeathed a large collection of manuscripts to the British museum; but with this singular injunction, that they should not be opened until twenty years should have expired. That period, which has so long interested the curiosity and the hopes of the English book-worms, has at length arrived. The works consist of sixty volumes, written or collected by himself. They contain, chiefly, we are informed by the English magazines, copies from public archives, and original composition. We shall occasionally make some extracts from the latter for the entertainment of our readers.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In the year 1712, my old friend, Matthew Prior, who was then a fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master, Doctor Jenks, loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world: but then he had a greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. I remember, by the way, an epigram of Matt's on the reception he met with. We did not reckon, in those days he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Rose, where we dined together: it was addressed to the master:

I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair,
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a British throne,
Do homage to the queen.

The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following. MILTON, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradise Lost; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of whist, after having disposed of the sale of the first impression, sold the copy to the booksellers for *two hundred guineas*.

—

The irregularities of genius have been so often observed, that it has at length become almost proverbial to associate a want of prudence with the possession of a brilliant imagination. We easily pardon in others, and excuse in ourselves, an eccentricity of conduct, which we suppose connected with the warmth of feeling, or the energies of fancy, and set down propriety and discretion as homely qualities, to be valued, perhaps, but not to be envied.

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IMITATION OF ODE XVI. BOOK II. OF HORACE.

Otium Divos.

When jolly Jack afar is bound,
Some hundred leagues from British ground,
  His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
  And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, negro beggars pine
For ease, in huts beneath the line,
  Remote from beadles sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
  And spins his Hurdy Gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
  To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
  Or canker'd party-sinner.

In Britain, Ease makes Labour glad—
She travels with the merry lad,
  Who whistles in his waggon;
Bids him not envy Fox or PITT;
Whilst ale inspired, homespun wit
  Flows from the guggling flaggon.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician,
Who visits folks of high condition,
  And doses them with bitters;
Claps caustics on the tenderest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
  By footmen or beef eaters.

Some, to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the north, south, east, or west—
  Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board a ninety-four gun ship,
  And tweak an admiral's whisker.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
  Except a doating blockhead?—
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth the miser's hoard,
  And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a sorry world as this
We may not hope for perfect bliss,
  And length of days together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
  In fair or stormy weather.

Rockingham, good as he was great,
Was seiz'd by unrelenting fate,
  Our freedom whilst he guarded;
Others, whom, if it pleas'd the Lord
To take 'em, we could well afford,
  May live as long as Parr* did.

*Old Wm. Parr, of Bristol, who lived 130 years.

Many I see have riches plenty,
Fine coaches, livery-servants twenty—
  But envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears—
  I've only what maintains me.

And while the precious joys I prove,
Of Will's true friendship, and the love
  Of bonny blue-ey'd Jenny—
Ye Gods! my wishes are confin'd
To health of body, peace of mind,
  Clean linnen, and a guinea.

—

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE TASK.'

Written in the life-time of Cowper.

COWPER! who now in Weston's favour'd shades,
  Serenely seated, dost, with vision clear,
Scan old Ilyssus' haunts, and to the maids
  Of Phœbus' train thy name for age endear
By classic song. Ah, rather let our ear
  Catch the high rapture of that holier strain,
Which Israel's prophet had rejoic'd to hear
  On Horeb's sacred mount, or Salem's plain.
Energic sage! thy pious 'TASK' resume;
  Let Homer's verse no longer thine suspend,
With heavenly ray our terrene path illume,
  Bid Christian with Mæonian ardours blend.
So round thy laurels still shall palms entwine,
And future ages hail thee—bard divine!

—

The following, from the prolific pen of Dibdin, that beautiful nautical poet, will create a smile in some of our readers.

I made a promise to be wise,
But 'twas a promise out of season;
  So much so—that I'm sure he lies,
Who says he *always* follows reason.
  I soon grew tir'd of wisdom's dream,
And, turning from pale melancholy,
  Fell on the *opposite* extreme—
But I, at last, grew tir'd of folly.
  Thus separate, what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether,
  If I could work upon these two
To live in harmony together.
  After, of course, a little strife,
'Twas settled, without farther pother,
  One should be treated as a wife,
And only as a mistress t'other.
  Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, measures;
  Reason—transacts my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleasures.

MR. LIVINGSTON.

It is impossible for any American, whatever may be the complexion of his politics, to read, without the liveliest indignation, the letter of Mr. Livingston, in reply to the communication of the French minister of foreign relations. It presents a picture of indiscretion, of absurdity, and of servility, which has no parallel in the history of ambassadors. Even in the conduct of the representatives of the enslaved, dependant, and debased states of Europe, we have observed nothing more derogatory to national dignity. As a pander to the passions of the Corsican usurper, regardless of his 'sacred character,' as the minister of a neutral nation, our envoy has departed from the line of his duty, and in a manner, perfectly unexampled, volunteered a declaration, which impeaches of a crime the most atrocious, a nation, with whom we are in the bonds of friendship and amity. Whence proceeds the authority of Mr. Livingston to pronounce "that Mr. Drake, the British minister at Munich, has held a culpable correspondence with traitors, for objects which all civilised nations must regard with horror"? What entitles him at all to take cognizance of this affair? Admitting that the British ministry had instigated the assassination of the tyrant of France, it could not become a subject for the proper interference of an embassador, unless expressly instructed by his court. But is it credible that even the weak and prejudiced mind of this old man could suppose, for a moment, that a government hitherto distinguished by its magnanimity, would descend to the pitiful expedient of assassination to remove its enemy? He could not be ignorant that, though means of this base and grovelling description have been employed by the profligate jacobin, and the desperate usurper, that they would not be resorted to by the legitimate government of Britain, which is too strongly fortified by power to create the necessity, and too firmly supported by virtue, to yield to the adoption, did that necessity exist.

We are, therefore, unable to explain, in any other manner, the motive of this extraordinary address, than by referring it to that abject subserviency to the views of the first consul which has marked uniformly the official proceedings of Mr. Livingston. *Deaf* to the frequent calls that have been made on him to vindicate the honour, and to uphold the consequence of his country, he has allowed the arrogant *upstart* to multiply his aggressions without complaint, and to repeat his insults without remonstrance. The effect of this undignified conduct has been, that with the entire loss of the consideration with the French government, which his high official situation ought to have imposed, he has excited the contempt of every enlightened foreigner, and the execration at least of such Americans, as have had the mortification of witnessing the disgrace of their country in its representative.

Exceptionable as we consider the general tenor of Mr. Livingston's letter, there yet remains a part to be noticed, which we view as peculiarly reprehensible. Continuing the strain of adulation, which characterises the language of this singular paper, Mr. Livingston congratulates the despot on the preservation of his life, that his exertions may be prolonged to confirm the "happiness of the nation of which he is the chief, a happiness which is the result of his *noble labours* in the field of honour, and in the cabinet, and which is not yet sufficiently established, not to be deeply shaken by his loss."

And does really then the ambassador of the 'most free and enlightened nation on earth, avow to the world that the present military despotism of France is a condition of happiness? Let us inquire what are those 'noble labours,' which Mr. L. so highly commends. Is it the achievement of that usurped power, which has enabled *Bonaparte* to tyrannise over his own country, to extinguish every spark of civil and political liberty, to subjugate, enslave, oppress, desolate, and plunder, with more than Vandal rapacity, the fairest portion of Europe? Perhaps the massacre of those thousands of defenceless prisoners at Acre, in violation of a stipulation which expressly provided for the preservation of their lives; or the deliberate murder, by the administration of poison, of his wounded soldiers at Jaffa, may be those *glorious exploits of the field*, which our truly benevolent and republican minister applauds!

Had we accidentally met with this letter, without a signature, we should have been disposed to have ascribed it to a *missionary* from some petty vassal nation, who had long been habituated to cringe, to flatter, and to supplicate, or at least we could never have supposed that sentiments, such as it contains, could have proceeded from the minister of these 'free, sovereign, and independent states.' On the whole, we very gravely recommend to Mr. Livingston, to abandon diplomatic life as soon as possible, and to return to the shades of this 'new country,' here to resume, with his friend Jefferson, the more harmless employment of deceiving his ignorant countrymen with the tricks and impositions of philosophical empiricism.

FALKLAND.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

W. V. MURRAY, ESQ.

And has no muse o'er MURRAY'S urn
Her wreath of lasting honour spread?
Nor pensive Genius lean'd to mourn
The pupil, friend, and fav'rite dead?

Ah! well ye muses did ye love
To guide him to your fairy bow'rs,
Taught him to tread your sacred grove,
And where to cull your choicest flow'rs.

And ev'ry genius strove t' impart
Bright treasures to his infant mind;
Swell'd with their ecstacies his heart,
And gave him wit, and taste refin'd.

No trophies of his country rise
To mark her sense of patriot worth!
Forgotten in the tomb he lies
By her he valued most on earth!

But yet, though vengeful party, here,
Deny the vote of honour due,
In other climes, will many a tear
The cheek of sorrowing chiefs bedew.

Batavia o'er her wat'ry plains,
Shall oft resound thy much lov'd name;
And Gallia's giddy land, in strains
Of deep regret, thy praise proclaim.

While ev'ry heart that beats with love
Of honour, truth, and virtue fair,
Thy cherish'd memory shall move
To sadness, for thy absence here.

And he, who humbly thus has tried
Thy various merit to relate,
Will oft thy friendship boast with pride,
And oft deplore thy early fate.

AMICUS.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A FRIEND, BOUND TO SMYRNA.

Winds of happy omen rise;
Loose the sail, the vessel flies.
Soon Alcides' pillars past,
Greece salutes the western mast;
Greece, what magic in the name!
Catch, O catch the holy flame;
Check, O check the vessel's speed,
'Tis—O 'tis the Doric reed.
Hark! the liquid measures glide,
Laughing Arethusa's side—
Tender scenes!—away, away,
Ida's waving tops display;
Dames of beauty, warriors bold,
Hundred gates of Crete unfold.
On the left Cythera's queen
Spreads her gay, romantic scene,
Where Apelles' vivid art,
Bids to life the colours start.
By the shade which Delos throws,
Half way down Mycale's snows,
Lesbos queen of isles is near;
List! the lyre of Sappho hear!
'Tis the bard of Mitylene
Sweeps the strings to beauty's queen;
Now the louder, bolder strain,
Kindles through th' embattl'd train;
Generous bosoms, how they glow!
Now they rush to meet the foe.
Sensive measures hither float,
Philomela pours her throat,
Parent of the rural throng,
Orpheus' spirit swells the song.
By the tepid gales that bear
Moving softness through the air,
Soft Iona's coast is near;
Furl the sail, the anchor clear,
Hoist the barge, and ply the oar,
Now you reach the happy shore;
Scene of pleasure, clime of ease,
Form'd the Teians soul to please:
As you walk the marbled street,
Should you early chance to meet
Some devout and tender maid,
Ask her where the bard was laid:
She, whose Grecian forehead high,
Arches o'er an azure eye;
She, whose crimson cheeks retain
Yet a tint from Sappho's vein;
She, whose mother gave her charms
To the blest Anacreon's arms.
First upon her lips impress
One impassion'd soft caress;
Lead her then the groves among,
Where the careless harp was strung.
High amid the sylvan scene,
Waves an olive, ever green;
Thither roves the honied fly,
When the sun is up the sky;
Mark the murm'ring insect's flight,
What his course, and where he light;
For he always loves to rest
Where the poet's urn is prest;
If no carmine blossom there,
Doubly fragrant is the air.
If he fail to lead your feet
To the silent bard's retreat,
With the maid, whose ruddy smile
Lights you round the Teian isle,
Further search the groves and shore,
Till the whole is travers'd o'er.
Then a goblet, deep and large,
With delicious liquor charge;
Such as Chios only prest,
For the highly favour'd guest;
If the tomb cannot be found,
Pour it on the thirsty ground;
Not a spot, but as an heir,
Claims his portion'd dust to share;
If the winds, that heard his lay,
Through the isle diffus'd his clay,
All the soil of virgin bloom
Thus became Anacreon's tomb.
But his soul and spirit wide
O'er the world immortal ride;
Now a whisper in my ear
Says 'Anacreon's soul is here,
In his works you have his heart,
In his works th' immortal part.'

ANALASKI.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To J. K. with a locket, enclosing the hair of a deceased friend.

Ah, no! 'tis not the polish'd gems of art,
Nor all that soft affection's tribute gives;
No fair device can soothe the aching heart,
Where my lov'd sister's tender image lives.

But oft, my friend, in starry radiance dress'd,
Her heaven born virtues shall recur to me;
And long, the cherish'd fondness of her breast,
Bind my sad heart in unison with thee.

Yet not bereft of hope, shall friendship mourn,
Nor pale despondence breathe th' unbidden sigh;
For lo, whilst sorrow clasps the sacred urn,
And filial anguish swells my tearful eye—

O'er the dim shadows of affliction's night,
(On faith's broad wing) th' unfetter'd spirit soar'd,
Mix'd with the pure, angelic host, in light,
And humbly at the throne of God ador'd. E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR BOY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

From distant fields, unknown to fame,
Which Susquehanna's waters lave,
A little shepherd-boy, I came,
Resolv'd to plough the ocean wave.

For oft the passing stranger told
The merry life the sailor led,
Who rov'd from clime to clime for gold,
No care to hover o'er his head.

With cautious step at first I move,
And timid climb the slipp'ry shrouds;
But bolder grown, I mount above,
And hang suspended in the clouds.

With fearless heart I stride the yard,
And swiftly seek its utmost verge;
Nor think my lot of danger hard,
But smiling eye the dashing surge.

When peril's past, and safe from harm,
And safe in port our vessel's moor'd,
Unhurt by battle, fire, or storm,
I fly to see my maid ador'd.

Then with an eager hand I pour,
My treasures in the lap of Jane;
Live quietly a month ashore,
Then seek the roaring waves again.

ROWLAND.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

The following description of thoughtless jollity, is from the pen of a young gentleman, whose talents, should he persevere in poetical attempts, will not long be wrapt in the napkin of obscurity. To 'hold a mirror up to nature' is the poet's task, and I am much mistaken if some of your readers do not recognise themselves in this short ode.

TO MIRTH.

Hither boy, the goblet bring,
Let the dolts at care repine,
I'll enjoy perpetual spring,
Quick, boy, bring the rosy wine.

Should old sorrow dare to call,
Drown him in a flowing bowl,
Or deep plunge him in his gall,
He shall ne'er disturb my soul.

But for Mirth, with ivy crown'd,
Open wide the folding gates;
Let the merry music sound,
He's the guest my soul awaits.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

To a musician of the Theatre, occasioned by oranges, apples, &c. being thrown at him.

Fam'd Orpheus play'd with so much skill,
The very *trees* he mov'd, 'tis said;
But you, my friend, perform so ill,
You bring the *fruit* about your head.

ROWLAND.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.